THE

ROYAL GAZETTE

MARTINIQUE

ALBUHERA TALAVERA

SALAMANCA BADAJOS

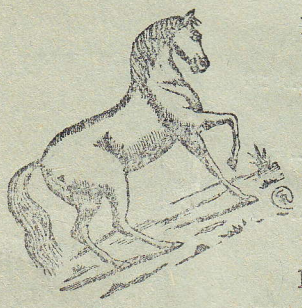
PYRENEES VITTORIA

TOLOUSE ORTHES

SAVASTOPOL PENINSULAR

ALMA INKERMAN

AFGHANISTAN KANDAHAR

VII  VII

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All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

H. T. BULL.
GEORGE GILMORE.

Contributions on all subject are cordially invited.

Nota Bene.

Men of the Regiment either out here, or a thome are earnestly invited to send in contributions. If they do not feel confident of writing anything, put it down in your own way, and I will put in proper order. Any little jokes or anecdotes are always welcome, and published *free*.

If any man have anything they want to sell, or are desirous of buying anything, let me know (on paper) and I will insert your wants.

Any papers published by other Regiments, which men may receive, we should be very pleased to see, and can promise their safe return after perusal.

Editorial Notices.

The White Horse will be published if possible, on the last day of every month. It will be forwarded to all subscribers, in all countries, on receipt of $2\frac{1}{2}$ *annas for single copies, 15 annas for six months, 1 Rupee 14 annas for 12 months, including postage.* Copies for the current month, or of back numbers, will be forwarded to any person at any address that may be given.

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All communications should be addressed to "The Editor *White Horse*, Royal Fusiliers Nasirabad.

All correspondence for publication should *reach the Editor by the 10th* of each month, for insertion in the current month's issue. Question asked of the Editor can, however, be received up to 15th of the month of publication, also any reports of "Sports" "Dances" Etc.

NOTICE.

Any Reader requiring back numbers of the Journal so as to complete the "History of the Royal Regiment of the Fusiliers" should apply *at once* to their Company agent as follows.

"A" Coy.	Pte. Cole.
"B" ,, ...	,, Hoppin.
"C" ,, ...	,, Buckle.
"D" ,, ...	,, Gordon.
"E" ,, ...	,, Cole.
"F" ,, ...	,, Othen.
"G" ,, ...	L. Cpl. Lyons.
"H" ,, ...	Capl. Dyke.
Band	L. Cpl. Tandy.
Drums	Pte. Barnes.

THE

WHITE HORSE,

"NEC ASPERA TERRENT"

THE JOURNAL OF THE 1st BATTALION ROYAL FUSILIERS.

Edited, By H. T. Bull.

No. 9. Vol I.] 30th DECEMBER, 1899. [*Price, 2 Annas.*

History of the Regiment.

PART IX.

THE establishment of the regiment in 1732 was 615 of all ranks. It continued quartered in the south-western counties of England until it embarked for Gibraltar.

The exact time when the Fusiliers were sent to Gibraltar is not quite clear. The Gentleman's Magazine tells us that on the 1st of December, 1732, Capt. Roger Hall, of Lord Tyrawley's regiment at Gibraltar, died much lamented there; and, although the bare statement is not of itself conclusive, it is believed the regiment had been sent out shortly before that time.

In July, 1733, Capt. Berkely was promoted Major of the regiment in the room of Major Jones, deceased.

In 1734 a draft was made from this and the other regiments in garrison to the amount of 680 men, to form six-companies for Jamaica. While the regiment was at Gibraltar, the Colonel, Lord Tyrawley, was appointed a Brigadier-General on the 18th of December 1735. In the years, 1736 and 1738, the regiment remained at Gibraltar.

In 1739 the regiment was twice augmented, each time 10 men per company, by which its establishment was increased to 815 men. On the removal of Lord Tyrawley to the 4th Dragoon Guards, Major-Gen. Hargrave, from the 9th foot, was appointed Colonel. The regiment remained at Gibraltar during the years 1740 till 1743, without any more material incident in its career, than the appointment of Lieut.-Colonel Fleming to the command of the 36th regiment. He was succeeded by Major Aldercron, who was succeeded by Captain Marcus Smith. In the month of April, 1743 Captain Edward Butler died, he was buried at Gibraltar. His tomb, which still exists, bears the following inscription;

To the Memory of
Captain Edward Butler.
Who died on the 25th April 1743.
Aged 111 years
Having served in the Army 90 years.
34 years in the Royal Regiment of English Fusiliers
Now commanded by
Lieutenant-General Hargrave.

In April, 1744, Hargrave's (7th), Colubine's (10th), Fullers's (29th), and Houghton's (45th), the regiments then stationed at Gibraltar, were ordered to send recruiting parties into Middlesex, London, Westminster, and Southwark. Great difficulty was experienced in recruiting these regiments, so to facilitate it and obtain the requisite number of men, an Act was passed at the beginning of 1745, ordering deserters from regiments on the home stations when captured to be sent off to fill up the vacancies. The regiment still remained in Gibraltar during 1746-48 the establishment being 815. The spring reliefs of this year 1749, sent the regiment home from Gibraltar. It was not, however, placed on the English Establishment, but sent to Ireland; it landed at Kinsale on the 21st July, and was immediately reduced to the Irish Establishment, by which 7 sergeants, 4 Corporals, 6 drummers, and 340 privates were discharged. The regiment was then broken up into detachments. Four companies remained at Kinsale; four companies proceeded to Cork (barracks and town); and two to Bandon, Rosscarberry Barracks and town.

During spring releifs the regiment proceeded to Dublin, the several detachments assembling there from their respective stations on the 23rd and 25th June, 1750.

By Royal Warrant, dated 1st July, 1751, the Royal Fusiliers are authorised to wear the following distinctions :—

In the centre of their colours the Rose within the Garter, and the crown over it; the "White Horse" in the corners of the scond colours. White Horse and motto over it, nec-aspera-terrent. The same device of the Rose within the Garter and Crown on their drums and bells of arms, with the rank of regiment underneath. For the first half of the year the regiment remained in Dublin. On the 17th June, Naizon's (13th) Dragoons, 1st Battalion Royal Scots, Fowke's (2nd Queen's), Irvin's (5th), and the Royal Fusiliers were reviewed by Vicount Molesworth, in the Phœnix Park, "and performed their exercises and evolutions to the entire satisfaction of all the Field Officers and numerous spectators who were present." Between the 25th and 29th June the regiment, together with the Royal Scots, marched into country quarters; five companies to Carrickfergus (two of which should march thence to Armagh, Charlemont, Barracks); and five companies to Londonderry. They were succeeded in Dublin by the 42nd Highlanders and the 9th Foot. The regiment was in "Country quarters," the head quarters being at Londonderry. On the 8th May, 1752. The regiment again changed quarters the five companies from Londonderry, three from Carrickfergus, and two from Charlemont commenced their march to Enniskillen.

In June, after the regiment had been inspected, the Fusiliers assembled at Limerick. On the 3rd of June Lieut.-Colonel Aldercron was promoted Colonel of the 39th Foot; he was succeeded in the regiment by Major Marcus Smith.

The regiment marched to Waterford from Limerick between the 24th May and the 2nd of June 1753. To complete the 39th (now under orders for India), The Royal Fusiliers and nine other regiments, were called upon to give each fifty volunteers; those from the Fusiliers, the 9th, and the 42nd were obtained on the spot. The drafts assembled at Cork on the 20th February 1754; the Volunteers of the Fusiliers being replaced by recruits raised in Ireland. The 39th has the honour of being the first regiment which served in India. Colonel Aldercron was appointed General and Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies, where he pursued a brilliant career.

In May 1754, the regiment proceeded from Waterford to Cork relieving Lord London's regiment. The Head-Quarters under Major Donaldson, and four companies were at Cork Harbour; two companies were at Cork; two under Captains Heylin and Shuttleworth, were at Ross Carberry; and two under Captains Chillcot and Smith, at Ichageela. Colonel Mostyn being transferred to the 13th Dragoons, he was succeeded on the 20th August by Colonel Lord Robert Bertie. Later in the year, the companies at Ichageela and Ross Carberry, were transferred respectively to Macroom and Bandon. On the 10th November, the anniversary of His Majesty's Birthday, a *feu-de-joie* of three volleys was fired at the cove by the four companies, and in the evening the barracks were entirely illuminated. Drink was given to the soldiers and civilians to drink His Majesty's health, round a large bonfire, the night concluding with all other demonstrations of joy. In 1755, the regiment composed of 3 field-officers, 7 Captains, 11 Lieutenants, 9 Ensigns, 4 staff, 20 Sergeants, 20 Corporals, 10 Drummers and 350 privates, embarked at Cork for England, on the 31st of March, together with Colonel Jordan's Regiment. They arrived at Bristol on the 9th of April. At the close of the year the regiment was sent to Dover Castle.

The regiment had, during the summer been augmented from 29 men per company, to 70, and was placed upon a war-footing, to meet the exigences of the impending war with France. Two additional companies were also added, to which James Harvey and Thomas Calcraft were appointed Captains;— Blomer, Charles Lind, Francis Kineer, and James Gardner, Lieutenants. Towards the end of the year they were detached to form part of the new regiments, then being raised. On the 2nd March 1756 the Regiment was inspected in Dover Castle by H. R. H. the Duke of Cumberland. Being relieved by a detachment of the Guards, the Fusiliers left Dover Castle and proceeded to Portsmouth. On the 30th of March the regiment embarked on board Admiral Byng's squadron, the head-quarters under Lieutenant-Colonel Smith on board the flag ship, except one company reserved for the "Intrepide," a ship belonging to the squadron, but in a more backward state of preparation then the rest; the marines on board all the ships being disembarked to make room for the Fusiliers. The squadron sailed from Portsmouth on the 5th April, it made the Rock of Lisborn on the 17th, and doubled Cape St. Vincent on the 19th. The destination of the squadron was the relief of Minorca, but negligence and delays had removed every chance of success, for on the 20th the French took possession of Port Mahon. Whether on the embarkation of the regiment it was intended to serve as marines, or to be conveyed by Byng as a reinforcement to the garrison of Gibraltar, is difficult to decide, from the careless and inefficient manner in which the Naval and Military affairs were then administered. Byng lost his life for conduct

more strongly marked by incompetence than cowardice, and Fowke, the Governor of Gibraltar, was dismissed the service for conduct only less infamous than that of Byng. The Admiralty instructions were clear "that the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers, commanded by Lord Robert Bertie should serve aboard His Majesty's ships in the Mediterranean, and that the said regiment should be landed at Minorca, in case the Governor or Commander-in-Chief of that Island should think it necessary for its defence;" but that the War Office orders really meant the same thing it is somewhat difficult to believe. We give them in their chronological order.

"To Lieut. Gen. Fowke, or in his absence to the Commander-in-Chief in His Majesty's Garrison of Gibralter.

"War Office, March 21st 1756.

"Sir,—I am commanded to acquaint you that it is His Majesty's pleasure that you receive into your garrison Lord Robert Bertie's regiment to do duty there, and in case you shall apprehend that the French threaten to make any attempt upon His Majesty's Island of Minorca, it is His Majesty's pleasure that you make a detachment out of the troops in your garrison equal to a battalion to be commanded by a Lieut.-Colonel and Major, to be the eldest in your garrison, to be put on board the fleet for Minorca at the disposition of the admiral.

I am,
Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
"BARRINGTON."

"War Office, March 28th 1756.

"Sir,—I am commanded to acquaint you that it is His Majesty's pleasure, in case you shall apprehend that the French threaten an attempt on Minorca, that you make a detachment from the troops in your garrison equal to a battalion, commanded by a Lieut.-Colonel and a Major, for the relief of that place, to be put on board the fleet at the disposition of the admiral; such Lieut.-Colonel and Major to be the eldest in your garrison.

"BARRINGTON."

"War Office, April 1st 1756.

"Sir,—It is His Majesty's pleasure that you receive into your garrison the women and children belonging to Lord Robert Bertie's regiment.

"BARRINGTON."

These orders from the War Office clearly indicate that by the Military authorities the Royal Fusiliers were intended to form a portion of the garrison of Gibraltar. By the terms of the orders they could not as a battalion be sent to the succour of Minorca, and the admiralty order to Byng, which is consistent with the arrangement that deprived the fleet of its marines before sailing, simply contradicts them. The Regiment took part in admiral Byng's engagement on the 20th of May, Lord Robert Bertie, Lieut.-Colonel Smith and the Head-quarters being on board the "Ramillies." This engagement, a blunder in itself and ill-conducted, was futile, for the French had already captured Minorca, the capitulation of which allowed the troops to be conveyed to Gibraltar. By the 1st August the whole of the troops had been landed there, making eleven regiments in the Garrison, and singularly enough they included the only Fusilier regiments then in the English service. Many of these regiments where however only landed temporarily, and were sent home as speedily as opportunity offered. But the Royal Fusiliers were detained on the Rock for another tour of Garrison duty there. The regiment remained at Gibraltar during 1757-60. In November the following was the state of the regiment:—56 officers, 50 non-commission officers, 598 men fit for duty, 38 men sick, 721; total establishment 815. The regiment returned to England in 1763 and was quartered at Chatham. In May 1764, The Royal Fusiliers left Chatham and proceeded to London. On the 26th they were reviewed in Hyde Park. After a stay of a few days in London they marched to Gloucester, where they remained the rest of the year.

(to be Continued.)

Exchange and Mart.

For, Sale, Fine toned concert Banjo correctly fretted, with forty nickel brackets and latest improvements by Temlett for sale or exchange with a good zither banjo. Apply Pte. Geo. Beaumont "D" Company.

Wanted, a air gun, with darts, etc., must be in good order, with a good strong spring, Apply The "White Horse," Office between the hours 10 A.M. and 12 noon or from 6 till 8-30 P.M.

Wanted, a gentleman's solid gold signet ring with a stone snake ring preferred Apply Box 12 B.C.K. White Horse, Office.

For Sale, A Pair of slippers (monkey skin) quite new a novelty as a present no reasonable offer refused. Apply W. H. Office.

Killed at Glencoe.

BY

H. T. BULL.

It was only a short time back ; before we took Glencoe a British sentry was killed at his post, shot while facing the foe.

The thing seemed little enough, for a cablegram to tell.

But the story is worth the telling, how a British soldier fell.

" Keep alert on your post, " the Corporal said, "we expect the Boers to-night.

You are near the enemy's trenches ; just away on those hills on the right.

And the moment you see them advance, don't wait a second, fire.

Two shots in quick succession ; as the signal,—then retire.

Slowly he walked, to and fro, with steady, cautious pace.

Keeping a watch well on the hill; in search of the enemies face.

Nought could be hear; but his heart beat brave;

Thou he thought of his home, across the wave.

If he thought of home and mother; can you blame the secret longing.

To see her once more, as memories dear, came over his spirit thronging?

It was'nt that he feared to die; but he fancied he heard her calling.

He fancied he saw her loving face; and the teardrops thickly falling.

He kept a stout heart, like soldiers do, ever brave and ready.

Ah ! what was that ! with a lightning move, he loaded, and stood steady.

It was none too soon, a rifle shot, and he fell at his post shot through.

While the Boers came creeping down the hill, and soon came full in view.

He gasped for breath, and his eyes seemed dim, his life blood rushing hot,

But he managed to crawl against a rock, and fire a signal shot.

That the wound was mortal, he knew too well. but he managed again to fire.

Only twice the rifle spoke,—and God gave the word retire !

The bullets hummed around him there, and in the morn at break of day.

His comardes found him, cold and stiff, with his face to the foe he lay,

His cold hand on the rifle-bolt; like a soldier he had fell.

Two cartridge-cases told the tale how he did his duty well.

After the battle, they found him, and buried him on the spot,

And *all* the world will ever know, is just—a man was shot.

Died like a hero, facing the Boers, alone against a host,

But the Angels have written the record. " Here a soldier was killed at his post."

Services of the "7th."

—:ꕥ:o:ꕥ:—

The following should prove of great interest to our readers, in as much as it is a complete list of the engagements in which the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the 7th Royal Fusiliers have taken part. This list, which covers a period of over 170 years should settle many arguments.

Steinkirk	1692	Fuentes d'onor	1811
Landen	1693	Java	1811
Namur	1695	Barossa	1811
LaBouge	1695	Aldea de Ponte	1811
Cadiz	1702	Pombal	1811
Vigo	1702	Olivenca	1811
Lerida	1707	Villares	1812
Messina	1718	Ciudad Rodrigo	1812
St. Johns	1775	LaTrinidad	1812
Fort Chamble	1775	Castrejon	1812
Montreal	1775	Arapiles	1812
Quebec	1776	Fort Detroit	1812
Philadelphia	1777	Pampeluna	1813
Neck Creek	1779	Roncesvalles	1813
Charlestown	1780	Sauroren	1813
Cowpens	1781	Echellar	1813
Maida	1806	Montevils	1813
Roleia	1808	San Sebastian	1813
Vimiera	1808	Chateauguay	1813
Sahugun	1808	Nivelle	1813
Benevente	1809	Chrystler's Farm	1813
Corunna	1809	Nive	1814
Oporto	1809	Bouljanak	1854
Guadaloupe	1810	Umbeyla	1863
Busaco	1810		
Burlada	1810		

N. B.—This list does not include the " Honors of the Regiment."

Comrades' Greetings.

—:§o§:—

The "Boys" of the Seventh, in days long gone by.
Have recorded a glorious name
They 've fought well before, and they're ready once more
To fight for "Old England's" fame.
"Good Luck" and "God Speed" is a message we breathe
To our comrades on Africa's shore
May they keep up the fame, the glory, and name
Of the Seventh Royal Fusilier Corps !

G. G.

"The Fossils Lament."

The War in the Transvaal has caused a furor our time X men now must remain, though its hard lines for them for their dream it is o'er of this year seeing friends o'er the main *Old* Paddy Scaulon is worst hit of all. For he for months has *never* tired of telling each swaddie he happened to meet that he had been long time expired.

And he soon would be sailing for home
Sailing quite merrily home
But now Kruger has *"busted"*
Old paddy is stopped
From Sailing merrily home

Now picture old Scaulon outside waterloo,
For now he is on the reserves,
He has fought for his country as good soldiers do,
And get's the rest that he deserves'
He tells how he fought for his country and Queen,
Tells how *he the foemen* defied,
How he did all *the "guards"* and never went sick
And bar *"lampman"* was never employed
And now he sells matches at home
He says that he no more *will* roam
With a nose nice and red, he with soldiering is fed
He would rather sell matches at home

Now picture old Scaulon in six years from now
When all his reserve it is done
He 's a candidate now for the casual ward,
No wonder old Paddy looks glum
His thoughts often wander to years of content.
And then he will murmur *midst* tears.
I wish I had half of the dibs that I spent
In the tank of the *" Old Fusiliers"*

"Want matches" he sadly does groan
"No beer to go" he does moan
He say's "I did wrong when I did'nt take on"
I 'm fed selling matches at home.

(P. QUINN.)

"The Cockney's Chance."

You may talk about your splendid kilted regiments
And I own as their a pretty dashing lot,
But I thinks as how, they often get more chances
Than other corps, thats handy near the spot.
Now at last, "The Fusiliers have fairly started,
And they 've waited long enough to get the chance
To show their "British Pluck," has never wavered
Since the time, they made the dusky Afghan dance.

Their gallant Colonels' with them in the Transvaal
He's as happy as you ever wish to see
There's excitement, for to keep them going nicely
While poor old Kruger's shaky at the knee.
I tells you, its the *"second"* will win the glory
For we know the "Cockney Boys," can always fight
But if you want to know, the *pucca* story
Its the *"First,"* that wants to put the Boers to flight.

Their Christmas, of course, it won't be jolly
For the battle field it's not a lively scene,
And they'll be thinking of their darlings 'Loo' and 'Molly'
While their fighting for their country and their Queen.
Still we send the Second Batt. our Christmas Greetings
Thou their many thousand miles across the foam
And we hope they'll meet "old kruger," and they'll teach him
The lesson, that is meant for him alone !!

G. G.

BISMARK'S BRAIN.

The weight of Bismark's brain, as calculated from the size of his head, is 1,867 grammes (58 ounces), which, if the estimate be correct, makes it the heaviest on record. Cuvier comes next, with weight of 1,830 grammes, Byron's gave 1,807 grammes, Kants 1,650, Schiller's 1,630, and Dante's 1,420 grammes. The average weight of a European adult man's brain is 1,380 grammes.

Reviews.

We tender many thanks, for the following Journals to hand:—

"*The Maple Leaf*," the monthly paper of the 1st Leinster Regiment reaches us from Canada. As usual a splendid plate, accompanies the number. We also notice some excellent Military Jokes and Anecdotes amongst the contents of this interesting Journal.

The Bugle the weekly chronicle of the Durham L. I. at Mandalay. We congratulate "H" Company on such a successful course of Musketry, and we have no doubt that 45 Marksmen, out of the 99 men that went through will *want* some beating.

The "St. Georges Gazette" of the "Old and Bold" is as usual a good number, the Plates in particular being very interesting, and showing, some splendid photos of "The Fighting Fifth."

Honors of the Regiment.

SALAMANCA.

Shall Britons 'ere forget the tale,
Astounding in its wealth of praise,
Let Foreign Yoke, with trembling quail,
As we recount those glorious days,
Made famous by that victory,
As England's lads of war have fought
Near to the gun and anchor,
Call back to memory, brilliant deeds
As done at "Salamanca."

Our Heroes.

"Lieut.-William Hope."

After the troops had retired on the 18th June 1855, Lieut.-Hope of The Royal Fusiliers, being informed by the late Sergt.-Major W. Bacon, who was himself wounded, that the Lieut. and Adjutant Hobson was lyiny outside the trenches badly wounded, he went out to look for him, and found him lying in the old agricultural ditch running towards the left flank of the Redan. He then returned and got four men to bring him in. Finding, however, that Lieut.-Hobson could not be removed without a stretcher, he ran back across the open to Egerton's Pit, where he procured one, and carried it to where Lieut-Hobson was lying All this was done under a heavy fire from the Russian batteries. For this deed of Valour, Lieut. W. Hope received the well-earnt decoration of the Victoria Cross. The following is taken from the Gazette of that period:—"At the great explosion of the French siege train, November 15th, 1855, Lieut. W. Hope of The Royal Fusiliers, was conspicious for his coolness and activity when in charge of a fatigue party, to cover the mill with wet blankets. The roof had been blown off, and 160 Tons of gunpowder were exposed to the fire, burning rockets, etc. He mounted the mill, and by his courage and example saved the Magazine, which was momentarily expected to explode, and preserved the lives of probably hundreds of the Light Division. His conduct received the marked encomiums of the authorities. Colonel Sir, J. St. George Commanding the siege train, also wished his thanks to be expressed to this officer for his zealous assistance in performance of an important service at a critical moment."

(In our next number will appear how Pte. Mathew. Hughes V. C. won his Victoria Cross.

LIVING WITHOUT A STOMACH.

A remarkable operation, which shows that one can live without a stomach, was performed by Professor Schlatter, of Zurich, on a women. Her stomach removed was and the intestines were joined to the acsophagus, she recovered and lived in good health. The food she eats (and her appetite is good) is bouillion, meat and so forth, which is evidently digested in the intestine.

Jokes.

Molly : I'm thinking of bleaching my hair.
Dolly : Well, I'd keep it dark.

Patron of travelling show : "I see you are bringing your children up in the profession. What part does this chubby little fellow take ?"

Showman : Well during the daytime he works the drum outside, and at night we feeds the performing fleas on 'im.

"Just to think av it ! said Mrs. Casey, dolefully" just to think av it ! that blackguard, Tim Rafferty has bin and got drunk again and got hisself in Jail, a noice way to begin the New Year ! What do you think of th' man, to sell his character loike that for the sake of licker ? "Phwat do oi think av it ?" replied Pat Maloney, "Oi think that in Tim Rafferty's case he got his licker moighty chape, so he did."

Chips : Who does the most business on Earth ?
Cholly : Aw—er—give it up—er.
Chips : Why a gardener—see ?.

A Scripture exmaination was being be held recently in an English school, the lesson being Elijah offering up a sacrifice on Mount Carmel. As the children looked like good scholars the inspector gave them a question, saying: "Now, you have told me that Elijah put the bullock on the altar. Why did he put water round the altar ?" The children looked amazed, except one little boy, who stood up and said: "Please, sir, to make the gravy!"

A Word to the Un-wise.—John bull (to Orange Free State); "Stand aside young man—I've no quarrel with you!"

FAILED TO DRAW THAT TIME.

"I have something here, madam," said the pedlar, with an ingratiating smile, "that never fails to draw."

"What is it?" snapped the woman.

"A mustard leaf, madam, ; a new kind that——"

The woman slammed the door in his face, and then shouted through the keyhole—"Now you can draw your own conclusions as to whether it will draw me.

A good atory is told of a naval officer whose ship was stationed off the cost of Ceylon, and who went off for a day's shooting along the coast, accompanied by a native attendant well acquainted with the country. Coming to a particularly inviting river the officer resolved to have a bath and asked the native to show him a place where there were no alligators. The native took him to a pool close to the estuary. The officer thoroughly enjoyed his dip, and, while drying himself, he asked his guide why there were never any alligators in that pool. "Because, sar," promptly replied the Cingalese, "they plenty 'fraid of shark."

A marine recruit of German extraction, who was walking his post and calling the hours as required, called : "Seven bells and all's vell." The next call was a variation. It was "Eight bells, and all is not vell; I have droppit my musket oferboard."

A few weeks ago a young Irishman applied for a situation as a car conductor in one of the principal towns of Scotland.

The manager thought him fit for the work, so asked him what pay he wanted.

"Bedad," he replied, "never moind the pay—just give me the job, and Oi'll have a car of me own in a fortnight."

[Very many plants, accordins to Mr. Step, the author of "The Romance of Wild Flowers," are as sensitive and irritable as animals.]

Always treat the cabbage kindly,
For it has a tender heart;—
Never pass by French beans blindly,
Lest the snub should make them smart.—
Do not try to "mash" potatoes
When they see you walking out—
And don't talk to toe-martyrs
Of the agonies of gout.

H. T. B.

An old labourer, walking up one Monday morning and feeling very sleepy and tired, made up his mind, in spite of his wife's efforts, not to go to work that day. His wife, waking up rather suddenly, shouted out : "Jim, cos't thee hear the men going to work?" Jim (quietly turning round) : "Cos't thee hear any women?" Nothing else was said the whole day.—F. T., Old Hill.

This is an age of things that are not. We have wireless telegraphy, smokeless powder and coal, horseless carriages and cowless butter, and, some affirm, cowless milk. Chainless bicycles are now becoming fashionable, and the great majority of us are luckless and penniless, according to our own account.

Printers are now printing with inkless paper, and to-day comes the report from a European observatory that a tailless comet has been sighted. Steamless steam-engines now run in most of the streets of our largest towns, and we have long used paperless paper and leadless pencils. Here are three wants for inventors to meet—burnless coal, a coldless winter, and spendless money.

Binks :—Hullo! old Chap, where are you off too in such a hurry, whats that in the Parcel ?

Jinks :—Arsenic.
Binks :—What for, rats ?
Jinks :—(with a groan) No, Twins !

Why is Kruger, like a phonograph ?
Because he talks a lot, and does nothing.

"INQUISITIVE."

"Am I decended from a Monkey, Ma ?"

"I daresay you are, my dear. but I 'm not sure, for I never met any of your father's people."

A TANDEM RIDE.

Two lovers on a tandem bike,
Taking a moonlight run;
Two hearts that beat in love alike,
Four feet that pedal as one.
* * * *
Four hands clasped and four lips smack'd
When the bike ride was done.

NOT A NEW DISCOVERY.

"A member of the French Academy says that the growth of hair can be stimulated by music," remarked Mrs. Darley.

"Well, he needn't think that is a new discovery," replied Mr. Darley. "I've heard many a hair-raising song myself."

ONLY ONE OBJECTION.

The two girls were looking over the wares in the book store.

"Do you admire Dickens ?" asked one of them.

"Yes," replied the other, ponderingly, "but I think he would be handsomer if he Didn't wear whiskers."

Giggs : "O'Brian got mixed up with a mad bull yesterday." Giggs : "How did it end ?" Giggs : it, etc.

Temperance.

Temperance is a word that is misunderstood by many. It has many meanings, amongst which are, Soberness, Charity of speech, and exercise of the mind and body. It is one of those acquisitions, that enables us always to have a clear conscience and amiable disposition towards everyone. As regards soberness, we need, if we want health to pay particular attention to this, especially in India Moderation is very well, providing we know when we have had enough. It is of little use spending a weeks pay on pay-day, and then have nothing to go through the week with. If a man drinks at all, let him drink moderately and regularly. If he cannot do this he should be a teetotlar altogether. Charity of Speech is as divine a thing as Charity of action. To judge no one harshly, to misconceive no man's motives, to believe things, as they seem to be, until they are proved otherwise. Many a heart has been wounded beyond cure; many a reputation has been stabbed to death, by a few harsh words, said on the spur of the moment and forgotten directly after. Perpetual Friendship, and true Comradeship enables us to get through life, against great odds. Exercise the mind liberally by the reading and studying of good books, and never neglect daily manly exercise; remember the three great physicians of health are "Cleanliness, Exercise and Temperance in all things."

(ALEC.)

Since the last report from the "Rose within the Garter" Lodge, there has been a large increase in Membership; and several amusing and instructive evenings have been spent, among which, was a 'Social' for which Bro. Dudd was responsible. An excellent evening was spent by the eccentrical remarks of Bros. Lovegrove and Spake and their respective songs. *De Belle Vue*, proved himself a good elocutionist by his rendering of a recitation, entitled "Bengin on the Rhine." The library, in connection with the Lodge, and the Daily Paper, are much appreciated by the numerous members. Adequate arrangements have been made to ensure all spending a Happy Christmas. The new programme commences this month, on which there are some good items for the coming quarter.

Brother	Beaumont	Banjo solo	Excelsior
,,	Spake	... Comic	... Humpty-umpty-ay
,,	Cursons	... Sentimental	... Empty Chair
,,	Lovegrove	... Comic	... In the Park
,,	Lusher	... Sentimental	— Sons of the Sea
,,	De'Belle-Vue	... Recitation	... Bengin on the Rhine
,,	Day	... Comic	... Razors in the air.
,,	Redgrove	... Sentimental	... True to thee
,,	Smith	... Serio-Comic	... The Shipwrecked Captain
,,	Wright	... Sentimental	... The old Mud Cabin
,,	Beaumont	... Comic	... Bunkers Yard
,,	Stebbings	... Sentimental	... "Red, White, and Blue."

(EN. AVANT.)

Bygone Events.

1st Princess of Wales born 1844; married. 10 March 1863.
2nd St. Paul's Catherdral opened, 1697.
3rd R. L Stevenson died 1894; born. 13th November, 1850.
4th Thomas Carlyle born. 1795., died. 5th February, 1881.
5th Mr. Gladstone's Franchise Bill passed, 1884.
6th Rev. R. H. Barham (Ingoldsly) born. 1788.
7th Genl. Sir Redvers Buller, V. C. born. 1839.
8th Conception B. V. M. Sir George Birdwood born, 1832.
9th First Gladstone ministry, 1868.
10th Sir Henry Ponsonly born. 1825, died. 21st November, 1895.
11th Pilgrim Father's landed, 1620.
12th Fall of Plevna, 1877. Robert Browning, died, 1889.
13th Council of Trent, 1545.
14th Prince Consort, died, 1861. Princes Alice, died, 1878.
15th Izeak Walton died, 1863. Bolingbroke, died, 1751.
16th Oliver Cromwell became Lord Protector, 1653.
17th Oxford Michaelmas term ends.
18th Slavery abolished in U. S. A 1862.
19th Cambridge Michaelmas term ends.
20th Battle of Suakin, 1888.
21st Michaelmas sittings end.
22nd George Eliott died, 1880.
23rd Funeral of Prince Consort, 1861.
24th Christmas Eve Rt Hon. John Morley M. P. born, 1738.
25th Christmas Day. William. I. crowned, 1066.
26th Bank Holiday. T. Wilkes died. 1797.
27th First sod cut at Lever's Oil Mill Balmain, 1895.
28th Innocents' Day, Childermas, Ld., Macaulay died, 1795.
29th Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone born, 1809.
30th Jones Francis Edward, (The Old Pretender,) died, 1765.
31st New Year's Eve.

Notes.

One of the most generous and wealthiest Heiresses in the World, is Miss Helen Gould of New York; she gives little time to Society and is greatly loved by the poor. She is a handsome, stately woman, and has declined more matrimonial offers than, almost any other woman. Miss Gould is I believe a teetotaler.

The full strength of the British Army is laid down as follows : –

Regular Army at home and in Colonies	171,394
British Troops in India	73,162
Army Reserve	83,050
Militia, Permanent Staff and Reserve	132,493
Channel Islands Militia	3,996
Malta and Bermuda Milita	2,472
Yeomanry Cavalry, (including Staff)	11,891
Volunteers (including Staff)	263,963
Total ...	742,421

The 2nd Battalion of The Royal Fusiliers was first formed, between June and August 1795, at Halifax. However in accordance with orders from England the Battalion was disbanded during April 1796. The 2nd Battalion was again formed at Wakefield, in December 1804, but was again disbanded at Dover, shortly after the Battle of Waterloo 1815. On the 23rd of September 1858, Poulett G. H. Somerset C. B. late Colonel of the Coldstream Guards, was authorised to raise 1000 rank and file to form the *present* 2nd Battalion who are now on active service in South Africa.

THE WHITE HORSE.

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Alas, those chines
All's well
Anchor's weighed The
Annie's Tryste
Arab's farewell, The
Auld Robin Gray
Banks of Allan water, The
Barney, take me home again ...
Bay of Biscay
Beautiful Isle of the Sea
Blow high, blow low
Bonnie banks of Loch Lomond ...
Brave old Oak The
By the sad sea waves
Cherry ripe !
Clementine
Come, Landlord fill the flowing ...
Comin' thro' the rye
Cruiskeen Lawn
Dame Margery
Death of Nelson
Diver, The
Down among the dead men
Drinking ! Drinking ! Drinking ! ...
Ellie Rhee
Englishman, The
Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming ...
Flying Dutchman, The
Good-bye ! sweetheart, good-bye ...
Good old Jeff
Good Rhein wine
Guardship, The
Here's to the maiden
Home ! sweet home
I dreamt that I dwelt
I'll take you home again
I'm a merry Zingra
In happy moments day by day ...
I'm leaving thee in sorrow
Irish Emigrant, The
John Peel
Jolly, young waterman
Kate Kearney
Kate O'Shane
Larboard Watch
Lass that loves a Sailor, The ...
Last rose of summer, The
Little brown jug
Love's young dream
Love was once a little boy
Maid of Llangollen, The
Marguerite
Mary Morison
Massa's in the cold, cold ground ...
Meeting of the waters, The
Monks of old, The
Murmur of the Shell, The
My old Kentucky home
My love is like a red, red rose ...
My mother bids mo bind my hear ...
My Pretty Jane
Norah the pride of Kildare
Old folks at home
O firm as Oak
Poor Old Joe
Rage, thou angry storm
Robin Adair
Rocked in the cradle of the deep ...
Sally in our alley
Scenes that are brightest
Sea is England's glory
She wore a wreath of roses
Shells of Ocean
Simon the cellarer
Song that reached my heart, The ...
The Gipsy countess
The Hazel Dell
The heart bowed down
The Rose of Tralee
The White Squall
There is a flower that bloometh ...
There is a tavern in the town ...
Thorn, The
Thou art gone from my gaze ...
Tis but a little faded flow'r ...
To Anthea
Tom Bowling
Tramp ! Tramp ! Tramp ! ...
Vicar of Bray The
Village Blacksmith, The
Waiting
Wanderer, The
What are the wild waves saying? ...
When Lubin sings
When other lips
When the heart is young
When the tide comes in
Why do I weep for thee?
Why do summer roses fade? ...
Within a mie
Yes ? let me like a soldier fall ...

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TO

MAUN BROTHERS,

NASIRABAD.

TOMMY ATKINS IN INDIA: A TALE, ETC.

A buck-jumping whaler (Australian horse) is no joke to ride if he means to get rid of you. Tommy Rawson was one of the finest riders in India. One night at his mess at Cawnpore, Blane, a guest, said he had a young whaler which he'd back to put any man living out of the saddle.

"Done," says Tommy. "Two gold mohurs to one he doesn't put me out of it."

Accordingly the horse was brought up to the mess-house after dinner (it was a moonlight night, and the officers assembled on the verandah to see the fun.) As Tommy prepared to mount, Blane cried :—

"I'll double that bet, if you like, Tommy."

"Done again!" says Tommy, and up he jumped.

Then began a desperate fight between man and horse, the vicious whaler "bucking" madly, and Tommy sticking to him like a leech. The struggle took them to the further side of the mess compound, when presently, lo and behold! the redoubtable Tommy was seen flying over the horse's head. Mentally pocketing his gold mohurs, Blane ran to pick up the pieces, but when he reached the prostrate rider he found him sitting on the ground, grinning, with the saddle between his thighs,

"Ha, ha!" laughed Tommy, "you 've lost your bet, old chap. I told you he wouldn't put me out of the saddle, and if those confounded girths of yours hadn't been rotten, I should have been on his back now."

"Sworn Friends."

It is by no means easy for a "mere civilian" to understand why certain corps should fraternise with certain other corps, and that no matter in what quarter of the globe they may chance to rub shoulders with one another.

Nor does the average "Tommy," as a general rule, trouble himself very much about this particular aspect of the question. His part be it to do honour to the friendly tradition whenever possible, with much handshaking and many exchanges of pots of "four-'arf" and plugs of hard tobacco, after the manner of Tommy the world over.

Occasionally this spirit of camaraderie is carried to extreme lengths. An old soldier of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, for instance, once sold a portion of his kit in order to be able to suitably entertain a private in the "Buffs."

"Sure, sir, I couldn't see a 'Buff' short of a pot o' beer or a pipe o' 'bacca, and me a 7th man," was the delinquent's excuse when wheeled in front of his Colonel. And that dignitary, knowing, of course, of the time-honoured friendship, stormed, threatened, and—let the prisoner off with an "admonish." This particular attachment, it may be mentioned, dates back to Albuera, that "glorious field of grief" when the Fusiliers recaptured from the French the "Buffs," regimental colour.

Circulation Competition.

We are offering a rather novel prize in this issue, for our Company Agents only, which should prove very populur. As a means of advertising a really splendid brand of cigarettes, we offer 40 packets of the "Bugles" manufactured by the American Tabacco Company to the Agent, selling the largest amount of copies (back numbers included) during the current month. A "consolation" prize will be given, and the result published in our next issue. *ED.*

Why?

Why is death like the letter E?—Because it is the end of life.
Why are pretty girls like fireworks?—Because they soon "go off."
Why is a sword like beer?—Because it is no use till it is drawn.
What bridge supports the greatest strain?—The Bridge of a fiddle.
When is a bonnet, not a bonnet?—When it becomes a woman.
Why is a Quinine, like the Musical scale?—Because its a Tonic-So-Fa (r.)

"A Good Yarn."

A sporting friend, lately arrived from America sends us the following. We print it to show how the Yankees are getting along——and without any tears in our eyes:—

A Western hotel man, who has a sense of wit, as well as an eye to main chance, has posted the following notice, in the rooms of his establishment—"Board 50 cents, per square foot." (Meals extra.)

(1) "Breakfast at five, dinner at six, supper at seven."
(2) "Guests are requested not to speak to the dumb waiter."
(3) "Guests wishing to get up, without being called, can have self-raising flour for supper."
(4) "We are not responsible for diamonds, bicycles, or other valuables, kept under the pillow, they should be deposited in the safe."
(5) "Bicycle" playing cards, kept on sale at the office; but country visitors, are requested not to play any game more exciting than "Old Maid" after 7 P.M. as their noise may disturb the night clerks' slumbers."
(6) "The hotel is convenient to all ce-me-te-ries."
(7) "Hearses to hire 25 cents a day."
(8) "Guests wishing to do a little driving, will find hammer and nails in the closet."
(9) "If the room gets too warm, open the window, and see the fire-escape."
(10) "If you are fond of athletics, and like good jumping lift the mattress, and see the bed spring."
(11) "Base-ballists' desiring a little practice, will find a pitcher on the stand."
(12) "If the lamp goes out, take a feather out of the pillow; thats light enough for anyone."
(13) "Anyone troubled with night mare will find a halter on the bed-post."

Military Dialogue.

A SUBALTERN'S COURT MARTIAL.

(From the book by Lt.-Col. Newnham Davies.)

A Subalterns barrack-room, square, with one window and door. Green Curtains to the window and door, bath-tub with hoops of iron, in the corner, bath-tub lid rigged up as a dressing table, with small portable mirror, handless brushes, etc., on it in another corner. Wash-hand stand of ovals of wood held together by brass rods. Portable chest of drawers of Mahogany bound with brass, the two cases of blackened wood for which form receptacles for clothes. Light iron bed-stead.

Light square table, standing on ordinary occasions near centre of room. Row of boots against the wall. Small drugget on the floor, and little rug by the bed. On the wall, the paper of which has white daisies on a green ground, are some hunting pictures, some photographs of beautiful ladies, cutting whips, crops, a pair of field-glasses, and some hunting spurs, and bits, with green baize behind them. Two fishing-rods and a tandem whip are in one corner. A sword and belt, with brown gloves on the hook, stand in another corner. A portable arm-chair and two Windsor chairs, in all their pristine bareness complete the furniture. A little carriage clock and two brass candlesticks, the cup-like bases of which are made to screw together are on the baize-covered mantleboard.

The square table has been pushed up close to the wall. On it are a lamp, pen and ink, and foolscap. The candles on the mantlepiece are lighted. On the bed is seated Mr. Griffiths, the senior subaltern. A dozen other subalterns are perched on the chest of drawers, the black cases, and the bed. Three subs. are occupying the arm-chair.

The two Windsor chairs are left tenantless. Most of the subalterns are in mess uniform, but some have regimental blazers on, and two have changed into flannels. Mr. Griffiths has a red dressing gown on, over his mess jacket, to give him a judicial appearance. It is midnight. A guest dinner has been held at mess, and there is much noise of talking, and a tendency to bear-fight, sternly suppressed by Mr. Griffiths.

Mr. Griffiths (as there is the sound of a scuffle and the door is kicked violently two or three times) :—

"Will somebody see if the prisoner is ready to be marched in ?"

One of the subalterns scrambles off the chest of drawers, and opens the door.

The subaltern: "Yes, your Lordship he is."

Mr. Griffiths: "March him in then."

A Voice Outside: 'Escort and prisoner, quick march,'

There enters a very young subaltern in his night shirt and boots, with on either side of him, a subaltern in mess uniform, armed one, with a poker the other with a shovel, at the "Carry." Behind him marches another subaltern, with a broom. The nightshirt of the prisoner, shows signs of a struggle.

The Sub (with the broom): Right form. Forward. Halt. Right dress. Escort stand at ease.

Mr. Griffiths: What was the reason for the delay in bringing the prisoner before the court ?

The Sub (with the broom): Resisting the escort, and refusing to put on his boots when told to do so.

Mr. Griffiths: We will add that to the other charges.

The prisoner looks round with a sheepish grin to assure himself that it is all done in fun. The other subalterns all refuse to catch his eye. Mr. Griffiths is very busy pretending to write Mr. G. Griffiths: Did you tell the mess sergeant that he was'nt to close the mess, Smith ?

The Sub (with the broom): Yes, your worship, and I told him that we should want some grilled bones, and eggs on anchovy toast.

Mr. Griffiths: Very well then we'll get to business. You Tracey, are Prosecutor, (one of the subalterns on the cases descends and takes one of the Windsor chairs.) Do you, prisoner wish to be represented by a friend ?

The prisoner: No.

Mr. Griffiths: Well, then you'll jolly well have to be. We ar'nt going to have you take up the time of the court with your gabble Mr. Stuart on account of the youth, and weak-mindedness of the prisoner, you are appointed to act for him.

Mr. Stuart who has been one of the crowd on the bed, takes the other Windsor chair, amidst cries of "Good old Stuart." "You'll chuck it off your chest" "There's a born orator."

Mr. Griffiths: Silence in court. The charges for which the prisoner is brought before the court are———firstly that he on July 28th, while, there were still guests in the mess, did absent himself from the billiard-room, saying that he had lost quite enough tissies at snooker, that there were plenty of fellows to entertain the guests, and that he was going to write some letters. Charge 2: That on the same date he resisted the escort, and refused to put on his boots.

Are you guilty or not guilty ?

The subaltern: Well, what I really said———

Mr Griffiths: I record a plea of 'Not Guilty." Call the first witness.

Mr. Tracy: Mr. Cooke.

A subaltern from the chest of drawers, comes to the table.

Mr. Griffiths (handing him a red-bound drill book): You do swear to speak the truth, nothiug but the truth, the whole truth, so help you Cripps and Gemina Jumping Jupiter,

Mr. Cook repeats this solemnly.

Mr. Tracy: State what you know.

Mr. Cooke (a la Tommy): Beg pardon, sir, on the present date, at about 11-15 p. m. there being still some civilian friends in the mess, I see this ere, the prisoner, a skulking out of the billiard-room. I stops'im, and asks 'im what 'e's up to. 'E says that 'e's lost 'arf-a-crown at snooker, that the guests might jolly well look after themselves (murmurs of pretended horror from the audience), and that he was a going to his room to write to is best gal.

The prisoner dissents violently, and is hit in the stomach, by the subaltern with the shovel.

Mr. Griffiths: Does the defence, wish to cross examine.

Mr. Stuart: Yes sir (to the witness) Did you, or did you not, on Tuesday last repeatedly kiss the bar maid of the Black Lion, in the bar-parlour?

Much excitement amongst the audience, cries of "Who gave her away?" "Stuarts' after her himself! etc., etc."

Mr. Griffiths: Silence in court. I fail to see what bearing this has on the case.

Mr, Stuart: I wish to prove that Cooke is one of a brutal and licentious soldiery, and that he is totally devoid of credence as a witness.

Mr. Cooke: Oh, you be jiggered. You tried the game on yourself, and got your face smacked.

More alarms and excursions. The prisoner thinking that the proceedings are taking a low comedy turn laughs a joyless laugh, and is promptly admonished with the poker,

Mr. Griffiths: The court will now hear the defence.

The Prisoner: Well what I really did say———

Mr. Stuart: Oh, you close your mouth. "Your Grace, (with a very low bow) Friends, Romans, Countrymen, and Brother Subalterns, I appeal *ad misericordiam*. Look at the prisoner. He is the boots, "a wart," as the poet beautifully sings, "upon the curved sedential of society," And is this pimple, this excrescence, to be judged by ordinary laws? No Can you expect this brass bound, copper-lined, congenital idiot, such as this thing is to have any idea, as to what the officers of this distinguished regiment consider good form? No gentlemen No!

Mr. Stuart pauses, asks if there is not a drink about, and is handed a squat water-bottle and glass from the washing-stand, which he threatens to throw on the floor. The prisoner is jobbed in the ribs with the poker and told to look sorrowful. The audience is of opinion that stuart should cut it short, or that fool of a mess-sergeant will shut up the mess,

Mr. Stuart: (resuming): You all did see that on the capitol. I mean what can you expect from a washed out son of a Maxim gun, who joins with a canary in a cage and a marble topped washing-stand? We throw ourselves upon our knees. Throw him upon his knees———(the escort follow the instructions)———"and bending our classic brows to the dust, beg for Mercy at the court's hands,"

Voice of Mess Waiter (outside): Beg Pardin, gintlemen. The sergt's, sent me over to say, that the eggs and bones are getting cold.

Mr. Griffiths: Are they? Get on with this. We find the prisoner guilty, unanimously of course. What is the sentence?

Voices: "a dozen," "No, half his lots," "let the beggar get up," "half a dozen is all we want," "He's got plenty of oof" "half a dozen."

Mr. Griffiths: The sentence of the court is, that you stand half a dozen of "The Boy" now, at supper, and that, as the bones, are getting cold, we'd better get over there at once, and that, if you make a fool of yourself again, you'll get it a darned sight hotter next time. Come on, you fellows. See he gets into some clothes, smith, and comes over.

A general rush out of the room, in which prisoner and escort are caught and carried away. Mr. Griffiths scrambles out of the red dressing-gown, shouting "don't eat all the eggs before I get over.

In our next will appear a soliloquy entitled "Superannuated.")

Editorial Chat.

We are pleased to say that we have received several congratulating letters with reference to No. "8." Of course this tends to encourage us in our rather tedious work and we have still pretty firm hopes, that the "White Horse" will ultimately prove a success. We are glad to see our efforts to turn out a popular paper are well appreciated, but I regret to say the sale of the paper in one or two companies was not quite up to the mark. We would like to impress on the men of the regiment that it lies purely in their hands whether the Journal is continued or not. Of course we cannot meet our numerous "Bills" that come in each month, when our sale is not improving, and we would therefore ask the patronage of not 600 men in the Battalion, but everyone so as to make the "White Horse, a success once for all; and once in full swing, we can promise vast improvements, and hope to be able to turn out one of the most interesting Regimental Journals' in the Service. Of course we cannot expect in the "start" to take the "lead," but still we must not be found wanting as regards the sale of the Journal so once more we ask for your full support to continue the Journal and trust that with the hoped for increase in the circulation, and by one and all purchasing copies each month, it will finally prove a success.

We are glad to see that our Readers approve of the new cover. If there are any suggestions as regard new features in the Journal, we shall be glad to receive them Contributions will, if received before the 15th inst., be published in the current issue; and we would impress on all contributors the necessity of writing their full name etc., on all Manuscripts not necesarily for publication, but as a guarantee of Good Faith.

I may mention that very few of our back number are left, so should any readers require them, so as to complete the Volume, application should be made *at once* to the Company Agent.

We also take this opportunity of wishing our Readers all the compliments that are usually bestowed at this season of the year and hope that nothing will be found wanting to make your Christmas a Happy one and may the bells of 1900 ring in a yet more prosperous year than the receding one. Writing about Xmas reminds us of our 2nd Battalion now serving in The Transvaal. Christmas on active service cannot be quite so enjoyable as Xmas round the old "Yule Log" in dear "old England." But let us hope that our Greetings to our Comrades if not realized at the present, time *may be*, in the near future, when thousands of dear Friends, will be waiting in the Homeland to welcome them back to England after the completion of their "Glorious" duty for Queen and Country.

Last month I sent several numbers out to The Field Hospitals in the Transvaal I trust they have been safely received, and hope they will pass away a dull half-hour amongst our sick Comrades. I have also sent several copies to the 2nd Battalion, although I don't expect they find much time for reading, except may be, letters from home, which of course "Tommy" always finds time to peruse, no matter where he is.

The Battalion is to be complimented, on the generous response made to the call for. "Funds" for the wives and children of the Fusiliers Reserve Men on active service. Everyone responded to it and thus the splendid sum of———has been placed at the disposal of the retired Officers of The Royal Fusiliers, who have so nobly carried out this good work of "Charity." But yet this is only *one* of *many* Charities to which the Battalion has so liberally responded during the past year.

We are, this month giving a prize for our Companys Agents, particulars of which will be found elsewhere. A good sale should be the result, and hope in future to give more prizes occasionally and trust it will help to improve the circulation of the Journal.

The Editor.

Annual A. T. A. Meeting.

—:o:—

The Members of the above held their Annual Meeting on Monday 4th December 1899 in the A. T. A. room Nasirabad. Members and Honorary Members sat down to tea, punctual at 5-30 P.M. several ladies being present. After the tea an interesting Lecture on Temperance was given by the Rev. J. H. Bateson and met with much applause. Amongst the Officers present was our Commanding Officer Lieut.-Colonel Rodick, Major Lysons V. C., Captain and Adjutant Johnson, Lieut.-Fisher, and Lieut.-Hill. Amongst the visitors from Ajmere, we were pleased to see Mr. and Mrs. Grant and Miss Penny. The concert started at 7-30 P.M. the chair being taken by Cpl. Perkins. During the evening cigars and cigarettes were frequently handed round and everything tended to make the evening a pleasant one.

PROGRAMME.

Overture	(March Jessamins)	Bn. Scaini
Pte. Ellis	Song	"What did I do"
Boy Spencer	,,	"Heroes"
Cpl. Woodman	,,	"My little birds can tell"
Pte. Mansfield	,,	"And there you are"
,, Joyce	,,	"Clickity—Clickity—Clack"
,, Dare	,,	"Come down & open the door"
,, Beaumont		Banjo Solo.
,, Moulton	,,	"Club swinging"
Boy Scott	,,	"There 'll come a time"
Pte. Embers	,,	"All except the last"
Cpl. Redgrove	,,	"The old Path"
,, Mason	,,	"Strangers Yet"
,,Holdsworth	,,	"My Sweetheart"
,, Woodman	,,	"All along the rails"

PART II.

Pte. Lee	Song	Solomons Proverbs
,, Elvin	,,	Chorus Song
,, Beaumont	,,	Midnight Son
Lce.-Sergt. Brown	,,	Queen of the Earth
Lce.-Cpl. Redgrove	,,	As your hair grows whiter
Cpl. Woodman	,,	Four and Twenty of us
Pte. Joyce	,,	I 'm not Particular
,, Beattie	,,	The old toll gate
,, Rowe	,,	Turn over leaf
,, O'Conner	,,	All he left was a pair of Trous.
,, Jones	,,	Whisky
,, Batters	,,	Spanish Donah
,, Mansfield	,,	Come back to Mother
,, Baynton	,,	Dig away Dempsey
,, Mays	,,	Sweetheart
,, Embers	,,	Making the time fly

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN EMPRESS.

We are glad to hear that the paper sells so well at Neemuch. A correspondent writes, I sold every copy, and am certain that every purchaser was fully satisfied. and highly pleased with the Journal." Of course, letters like this, tend to greatly encourage us, and we are pleased to hear, that the "White Horse" is so well patronized by the detachment at Neemuch.

We have again held over the Musketry, but a detailed account will appear later with the *full* roll of Marksmen in the Battalion.

"Toasts."

Here are some good "Toasts" for xmas.

Cork to the heels,
Cash to the pockets
Courage to the hearts,

And concord to the heads, of all those who fight for, Great Britian

For gold the merchant ploughs the main
The Farmer ploughs the soil
But glory is the soldiers prize
The soldiers' wealth is Honour.

The brave young soldier n'er despise
N'or count him as a stranger
Remember he 's his countrys' pride
In war, and time of danger!

(Drummer W. Moore

The Safest Place.

—:o:—

During the training of Militia in an Ayrshire town, a company, included a man, who was singled out as marker during the ball-firing.

Before the firing began, the sergeant took up the field-glass to see if all was ready, when to his horror he beheld Jock standing in front of the target.

Thinking the man insane, he hastened to the rescue, and demanded the reason of such reckless conduct, and called Jock a fool.

"I am no sich a fool a'ye think," said Jock "I am safer here, I marked for your company before."

A Bottle of Sherry.

BY

W. H. HARDING.

I am a doctor; not of the class that can afford to lounge in their luxurious consulting rooms, pocketing guineas for merely humouring hypochondriaco; and disdain to attend a case on account of fee which would probably be small. These people are, for the most part, to be found in Harley Street and other West End thoroughfares, but my humble domiciliary Edific—or in short my house—was in a quarter as different to the west end as chalk is to cheese, and the residents of poplar were quite content to trust themselves, and their lives if necessary, to the poor efforts of "C. H. ALLISON; M. D., F. R. C. S." Perhaps to their untutored minds the "M. D., F. R. C. S." after my name, which appeared on a little brass plate on the door, may have given them confidence in me; be that as it may I had a really good practice there, and although the fees were small (sometimes I was paid nothing) I managed to Jog along pretty comfortably, and had already put a little by for "wet days" Of relatives, as far as I knew, I had none left, of friends I had but few, and only one who took any kind of interest in myself and my doings.

Frank Neville was a wealthy young independent, who had only a few weeks since come into a considerable fortune by the death of his father, and I had received a letter from him inviting, or rather praying me to go down and spend a week with him to relieve a feeling of loneliness which was growing intolerable. He could not be said, with decency, come to London so soon after his father's death and it remained with me to cheer his almost unbearable solitude.

I made arrangements with a fellow practitioner that during my absence he would look after my patients so with a light heart I journeyed to "Eddlesham Towers," Franks country house, and it was not long before a fast train of the L. & N. W. Company's service pulled up at Normanston, the nearest station.

Before I had time to alight Frank was at the carriage door, and we were, although so different in the stations of life, soon shaking hands and exchanging the customary greetings " I have a trap outside , old man" he said "and I expect after your chilly journey you feel a bit peckish, so we'll get up to the Towers as soon as possible. Dinner will be ready and waiting."

Although he spoke with a jaunty air I was surprised to see a startling alteration in his face. But 6 months ago I had seen him, full of life, robust and healthy in every sense of the word. Now—in so short a time—he was haggard, dark lines under the eyes, looked thoroughly used up, and seemed to have to force a smile, It may have been the recent death of his father that had so cut him up, but I dismissed the idea from my mind, as he had shown no much decline when his mother had died, and she was, to him, the ideal of women.

I asked him if he felt at all unwell, but beyond a strain on his mind, for which he would account after dinner, he repudiated any suggestions of bad health, so I let the subject drop, and presently wo turned into the beautiful avenue that leads to the Towers and arrived at the house. The old Butler opened the door and being an old friend greeted me cordially with a cheery "Good Evening Sir, I hope you 'Ve had a pleasant journey. I am sure my master will be glad to have you down here, for his health aint what it ought to be, though he do say its perfect."

"Thats another of your silly ideas sewell." Said Frank, "But what about some grub, Dr. Allison here has had a cold journey, and could relish a morsel from our humble stock. Come on George," he said turning to me. "I just show you your quarters, and as soon as you have changed will set to with knife and fork."

The changing business took but a short times and in less time than it takes to tell I was making serious inroads on a large and varied menu, interspersed with some fine old country ate, which I took in preference to wine. Although I noticed several different wines on the sideboard it seemed strange that my host, who was once a connoisseur touched none, indeed he only sipped now and again at a glass of water, and being led by curiosity to ask him for the reason of so sudden a change he exclaimed, "You asked me, or rather I promised to tell you what strain I had on my mind, and now that you ask me my reasons for not touching wine I will explain both by relating to you one of the most horrible truths a man could fathom."

You may be aware that only two years since, my grandfather, a hale and harty old squire of seventy, died. The doctors could not diagnose the disease, so it was agreed by all concerned, that a post-mortem should be held. The result was startling, for distinct traces of arsenic were found in his stomach, and although every step was taken to ascertain how it come there the truth was never revealed,

My father inherited the estates and money, which was considerable and came to live here, with my mother and myself. We retained all the old servants, and save for the change of masters everything event on as before.

About a month after my father came here, a curious thing happened. A small boy came one morning with a small parcel and asked for Mr. Neviele my father. He left the parcel, and a letter.

I remember well that in answer to my mothers enquiry respecting the parcel the guv'nor said "Some old fool has asked me to accept a bottle of sherry, because my father accepted one." After a good laugh extravagance of the gift the bottle of sherry was forgotten, until a short time ago, when my father fancying a drop of sherry, and Sewell having forgotten to order more, the bottle was fetched up, there being no other in the house. This being the case I thought I would rather take something else, not fancying what I imagined to be a cheap brand. My father however pronounced it to be excellent, and drank more than was usual for him; so much so that he retired to bed feeling very sleepy.

Next morning my father was dead. Cause—arsenic.

Of course suspicion at once flew to the bottle of sherry but on being analysed nothing of such a nature was found in it, and the doctors pronounced it to be of a very superior brand.

When I recollected that both my father—and his father had been poisoned with arsenic my efforts to trace the cause were very keen, and it is only a few days since I gave up the case in despair, and began to look after the place a bit. Now comes the cause of my anxiety.

Three days ago another bottle of sherry arrived in a similar manner to the previous ones, and with it a letter which I have kept for you to see.

I took the letter and scauned its contents. There was nothing to cause suspicion, and seemed only a mild request, as you will see from the copy below :—

NORMANSTON.

DEAR SIR,

I take the liberty of sending you a small bottle of sherry as a mark of my esteem. As I have had the pleasure of sending such a bottle to your father, and grandfather, which were accepted I trust you will not refuse to accept this one.

Your obedient servant,

MICHAEL DUBEC.

It is no doubt, as your father said, but some old fool who has a mania for showing his admiration of yourself and your ancesters, and I see no harm in accepting the gift, but if you dont intend to drink it perhaps you would give me an opportunity of analysing it. It would at least show me some of the properties of this Special brand.

Frank readily assented to this adding that since his fathers' death he had not tasted wine of any description, and intended not to. My object was to convince him by my analysis that his fears regarding the wine being poisoned were groundless and to ease his mind of a strain which was gradually bringing on a serious illness.

Next morning I was given a room in which to conduct my experiments, and procuring three tumblers I thoroughly cleaned them myself and started. My object in having 3 tumblers was that I might try the wine in 3 different ways. Firstly I very gently drew the cork without shaking the bottle and filled the first tumbler which I marked as No. 1 and covered up. Next I corked the bottled and thoroughly shook the wine up, and with it in this state I filled the 2nd tumbler and marked it No. 2. I decided to allow the bottle to stand for a bit so that the wine might settle, and when it had done so I filled the 3rd glass and secured the sediment from the bottom of the bottle.

Being anxious to discover the properties of the wine I concluded that the glass containing the sediment would give the best result so started with No. 3 tumbler but there was nothing in the analysis that proved or even hinted at the presence of arsenic, so 1 forthwith repaired to No. 2 which had been filled while the liquor was disturbed. Again my efforts were unable to trace poison, and 1 expected no better No. 1 which was the clearest of the 3. However I analysed it from and it was then that I discovered that there were really some grounds for poor Franks' fears and suspicions. There in the last tumbler had I discovod enough arsenic to kill two men slowly, and one in a few hours. What was to be done. To tell him of my discovery would be to excite him which was a serious thing in his present unhealthy condition, yet to refrain from telling him meant that I must let the scoundrel, nay murderer, get off with the opportunity. But why had I not discoverd the poison in the other two tumblers, which ought to have shown its presence even if the 1st one did not, yet here we see the strangest thing of all, no traces in the sediment, or in the wine of two thirds of the bottle while in the other 3rd there it is as plain as a pike-stoff. Having decided to tell Frank. 1 did so and pointed out this remarkable circumstance. He was as much mystified as 1, but this did not deter him from immediately sending for the Police, who on being put in possession of the facts immediately arrested Dubec, the would be poser of a generous admirer, who proved to be an old man nearly 90 years of age.

He stoutly protested his innocence some days but on being told that there was no chance for him and that conclusive evidence of his guilt was in hand he confessed.

He had, he said, years ago been an ardent admirer of Elsie Cleaver, who returned his affections in such a manner that they became engaged, but within a week of their marriage she had told him that she did not love him as she thought and would never marry him. He could do nothing then, but a desire for revenge lingered. Shortly after jilting him Elsie Cleaver had become engaged and married to Herbert Neville, Frank's grandfather, and Dubec had gone to Australia. In due course a son was born, Frank's father, and the course of true love ran smoothly and unruffled, even in the old age that saw their son married. Frank's father's love affairs ran as smoothly as the other pairs, and at the end of a year his fondest hopes were realized when Frank was born. During all this time Frank's grandfather and wife had often recalled to mind 'Micky Dubec' as he was familarly called and when after long years he came down to Normanston to live the old couple renewed his acquaintance, and friendship.

"It was then," continued Dubec," that I seized the opportunity to further my plans, and every year I sent them a bottle of sherry to drink my health. This has lasted for the last 15 years, I waiting patiently, but one day I heard that old Herbert Neville had lost his wife. She had died still thinking me her friend. I, who she had fooled, I, who had been the laughing stock of London, her friend. I would be thought so but in a different manner to what she thinks. She prefers him she shall have him I would send him to her, so under the pretence of offering my sympathy I wrote him a letter, accompanied by the yearly bottle of sherry 'to drink my health.' Ah ha! He mank it, and drank deep too, but he need not have done; one small glass would have done as well. My revenge, even then, was not complete as I had determined that not one descendant of Elsie Cleaver and Herbert Neville should see me die, and that is why your father received a bottle of sherry. He took a long time to drink it but better late than never, and he has gone to his father, and but for some meddling fool you would have found the happy land ere now."

But how did you contrive to introduce poison into one part of the wine and not the other, I asked him.

Ah ha! I thought that would baffle you. Now if you will fetch that bottle of sherry from my rooms I will s how you, he said, I soon had the bottle from his rooms, and bringing a tumbler and corkscrew gave them to him.

Taking the corkscrew he drew the cork and poured out a half a tumbler full of the wine. Holding the cork in one hand and the

tumbler in the other he pointed out to us several minute cuts round the the bottom of the cork. "These" he said "I fill with arsenic before the corks are placed in the bottle, and the pressure on drawing out the cork discharges the arsenic and leaves it on the sides of the neck of the bottle, and in pouring out the wine the first drop washes the arsenic into the glass and thus leaves the remainder of the wine pure. Now if you will take that cork and press it gently you may see some of the arsenic discharged from it."

I took the cork and Frank and I together examined it but seeing no arsenic discharged handed it back to Dubec, who was smiling suavely. "Well" he said "I have one thing to thank you for before I leave you."—

"Before you leave us" I said "you can hardly do that seeing that you are in one of Her Majesty's prisons."

"All the same I am very shortly leaving you, and for giving me the opportunity of leaving you I wish to thank you. While you were examining the cork I swallowed the contents of the tumbler,—and I already fe-el the ef-fects c-com-ing on. I am going fast now. Go-od bye. Th-a-anks for the chance" and to our horror Dubec, the double murderer dropped and expired at our feet.

Correspondence.

We have received the following letter in reference to an article that appeared in the last number of this paper. We have much pleasure in publishing it for the benefit of our readers, who may, from the tone of letter, and the beauties of nature to be seen, be tempted to pay a visit to such a "Heaven upon earth."

Nasirabad,
28th November, 1899.

MR. EDITOR,

In your publication of a week ago, *i. e.*, "The White Horse," you expressed the desire that all who were interested should contribute. Acting upon the invitation I will do so.

In a certain column, entitled "Places not worth visiting," you proceed to describe the S. V. W., and western part of america as a desolate, &c., kind of place. Mr. Editor, I lived 14 years in the region mentioned, consequently I consider myself *entitled* to express an opinion of the same. My personal knowledge assures me that your article is not *correct* at the present *day* I will enumerate a few of the alterations, reasons, etc., on which my opinion is formed, *viz.*, for hunting, fishing, mining, health, and pleasure seeking, the west cannot be beaten. The mountains, Rockies, Cascades, Sierra Nevada, with their towering peaks, excel the Alps in height, beauty and grandeur. Here the student of nature is at home. Beautiful rivers, water-falls, lakes, forests, valley's and dales abound. Lakes, crater, Mirror, in Oregon and Cal. in beauty are not surpassed. Yosemite Valley is one of the wonders of the world. Giant-tree Groves of Cal., Yellowstone Park (largest and best in the world) with its geysers, falls, precipices, animals, etc., is surely worth a visit; also the vineyards, orange groves, cosy and beautiful seaside resorts of Cal. As to the remarks about distance between towns, etc. that was true *25 years ago* at least. I grant you, on the vast prairies, in mountains or in the deserts, your statements no doubt apply. Now I defy you to go 5 miles in any direction, even in mountainous districts, without encountering scores of farms, towns and villages. The *whole* idea about the west is erroneons, and no doubt emanates from the accounts recorded in "Nick Carter," "Jack wright," and such literateur. Peruse any responsible map, guide, statistics and you will soonalter your opinion into "The west is most surely a place for visit and settling."

Mr. Editor, accept my apology if my enthusiasm of the "Noble west" has exceeded proper bounds.

I remain,
Your well wishing readers,
Viscomte de Mephisto.

(Written at my Palace of Inferno. That is why the article is warm.)

If the much respected 'viscount,' will again peruse the item referred to he will find that it was written with reference to the desolate state of the country about Dakota *some years ago*, and therefore did not refer to the state of Dakota at the present time. We are pleased to hear that it has finally turned out to be "a modern Paradise," and congratulate the writer on having had the pleasure of living there for 14 years.

(Editor.)

We have received the following letter from a Reader, and as it is in reference to a letter that appeared in a well-known London Newspaper quite recently, we shall be glad of the opinions of some of our other Readers; but must ask them to abstain from venturing on, any opinion that approaches "Politics." Anything of this nature will not be published. (The Editor.)

Nasirabad 7th December 1899.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

The following is a letter which appeared in a London Paper, recently, and for unbounded cheek and ignorance, it undoubtedly soars far above, any other epistle, it has been my lot to read, and in venturing to follow the letter with my opinion of it, I trust that you will find it a space in your worthy paper.

(The Letter)

Hull September 8th 1899.

DEAR SIR,

Mr. Chamberlain in his recent speech, said the Government had the Country at its back, with regard to their Transvaal Policy speaking for myself as an Englishman, I say they have not the country at their back, and in saying so I know..

I voice the opinions of many thousands.

Before this country is plunged into such a foolish war an appeal should be made to the nation.

The Boers have given enough already, unless they hand over independence altogether. I served 12 years altogether in the British Army, during which time, I was stationed in Cape town, St. Helena, and Natal. I left the rank of a N. C. O.

While serving in South Africa, I had many opportunities of studying this subject, and have spoken to many Utlanders about their lot, and they have seemed satisfied. No doubt some do complain but that is the weakness of

Englishmen, especially in other countries. If some of them were in Heaven they would want to monopolise it. Why should we have another Majuba Hill slaughter in the interest of Jingo financiars, against people who only want to keep what is their own.

The Utlanders have no real greivance whatever, and they are for better treated in the Transvaal, than they whould be elsewhere. What these daylight robbers want, is to collar the Transvaal, and divide the spoil between them. My advice to the Boers is to be ready for them, make all preparation as the British are doing, and should it come to blows, pick out the Generals, and heads of departments first. There is no question about it that the money-mongers want to annex the gold-mines, in spite of concessions. England no doubt will beat the Boers, by force of numbers, but not without heavy loss, for I know from experience that there is not one marksman in every 50 in the British Army. The Majority of our Soldiers, could not hit the parish, they were born in. Under this present short-service system, half of our soldiers are boys of skin and bone, and as for standing hardships it is all tommy rot. Every field day in Aldershot fills the hospitals afterwards. The Newspaper is to be thanked for the stand it has made for right in conclusion I hope in the event of War with South African Republic the following originators of it, will be placed in the front rank of the fighting line, namely, Chamberlain, Dr. Jameson, Rhodes & Co., along with their Reptile Press and Jewish financiars,

Yours Faithfully,
An ex-soldier (late 21st Lancers.)
and 15th Foot.

Nasirabad, 7th December 1899.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

It will be observed that the above correspondent commences his letter by announcing that he is an Englishman. This is very doubtful, or even if we admit that he is, at the same I say he is a horribly bad specimen of one. Whether the war is a foolish one, as he says, or not, is not for such as I to decide. We admit again that the Boers have given enough already, *i. e.*, of insults, but we must not forget how cheaply for them, and how dearly for us, they gained their independence (1881.) The writer, has he says, been stationed in St. Helena and Natal. He left the army, after 12 years service with the rank of a N. C. Officer. That may be, but if he was in the habit of venting his opinions as he has done above, and in a similar strain, my opinion, and that of many others is, that instead of being a N. C. O. he should have been kicked out of the Army. He informs us that he had many opportunities of studying the subject of the war, and has spoken to many Utlanders. Is it the duty of a British soldier to go round playing the part of the "charitable visitor," asking Nitlanders what their grievances are. Would it not be for better to leave them and their complaints to the proper people, *viz.*, Government. He states that it is an Englishman's weakness to complain. I suppose he is willing to admit that, being an Englishman ? he possesses this particular weakness, and wishes, if ever he gets there, to monopolize Heaven.

It almost grieves one to read his utter simplicity. From the tone of his letter at this part one sees a man whose polished innocence proclaims him to be an "Angel on Earth" Why should we have another Majuba Slaughter he asks. Can he not, as a loyal subject of our Queen, and an Englishman, remember that it is everyones duty to clean away a stain that hangs over their name, and to *everyone* it is always sweet to cry quits, hence we long for the chance of avenging our poor comrades that fell in '81. If the Boers—but no we are getting to politics, and I must forego my opportunity of saying what I want to. He advises the Boers to get ready for us. What ignorance. Do they want advice from a man who is apparently a traitor to his country, yet afraid to help the side that he so stontly defends.

Now we come to the sore part of the letter. *He knows from experience* that there is not one marksmen in every fifty men in the British Army. Taking my experience I say that on an everage there are 8 marksmen in every 50, the remaining 42 men being 'good shots.' I wonder if during his 12 years service he was taught sufficient to enable him to hit the Parish he was born in. Perhaps he was one of the *very few* marksmen. Now listen to this. Half of our soldiers are boys of skin and bone. And he was, not long ago, one of them. Would he dare to substantiate that statement in front of one of these "poor fellows" Not he. They cannot stand hardships. How is it that so few of our casualties in the present war are from sickness Is he aware that an Aldershot training is one of the greatest hardships that 'Tommy' has to undergo. If he ever did one he will, if he is truthful, admit that it was one of his hardest times during his service. In conclusion I wish to say that I am sorry to see that he affixed "21st Lancers" to his name, for the fact of such a man ever having belonged to that Corps, and possibly was a N. C. O. in it, must be a thorn in the side of the men now belonging to that famous Regiment.

Yours faithfully,
One of the "Seventh."

Obituary.

We regret to announce to our Readers, the death of No. 6276 Pte. W. Bayne, who died at Nasirabad November 18th 1899, of "Peritonitis," deeply regretted by all who knew him,

No deeds in glorious Battle.
Has this young soldier done.
Amidst the rifles rattle.
And booming of the gun.
But he bravely fought lifes battle in a distant land alone.
And we know he's crowned in glory in the Saviours Heavenly Home !

We also deeply regret to have to record the death of No. 1664 Sergeant Newman who died suddenly at Nasirabad on December 4th 1899. He was accorded a very impressive funeral, at which all the Officers, and Non-C. Officers, and nearly 100 Men. The band which accompanied the body to the grave side played. "The Regret" and the "Dead March" in Saul, and hymn No. 225 was Sung during the burial Service.

No. 4074 Private J. Bramman also passed away at Mount Abu on the 5th December, much regretted by his sorrowing comrades, and we tender our deepest sympathy to the relatives and friends of the deceased.

Honour them well that yield their life.
Midst Battles awful din ;
Honour them well who in the Strife.
Die hard for Queen and kin.
But honour the thousands who silently fall.
They to answer duty's brazen call.
They are the price of an Empire grand.
But alone they lie 'neath foreign Sky.
On hill and plain in a heathen land.

HAZARI MULL & SONS,

Merchants and Commission Agents,

REGIMENTAL BAZAAR
NASIRABAD.

Fresh arrival from Bombay! All kinds of Fancy Goods and Indian Curiosities, suitable for Christmas or New Year's Gifts, now in stock. Any article not in stock, can be procured in 24 hours. Soldiers going home are invited to call.

Every means are taken by our Firm to ensure Prompeness and Despatch.

TO OUR READERS.

The White Horse has much pleasure in wishing its readers "a Happy Xmas, and prosperous New year."

May the fortunes of our comrades in South Africa be covered with glory and honour befitting so grand a Corps as the old "Seventh."

CHAS. ORME & Co.,

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PAGE'S WALK, LONDON, S. E.

Manufacturers of Sole Makers of the

HIGH-CLASS,	"Invincible" Leather Reviver.
POLISHES,	for Suites, Carrige Linings, &c.
VARNISHES,	"Premier" Varnish Stains.
LACQUERS,	"Ascot" Straw Hat Polish.
STAINS, &c., &c.	"Clyde" Wood Filler, &c.

Catalogues to be had on application.

NOTICE.

We are offering a rather novel prize in this issue. It is for our Company Agents *only*, and should prove very popular. As a means of advertising the really splendid brand of Cigarettes *i. e.* "The Bugles" we offer 40 packets to the Agent selling the largest amount of copies (back numbers included) during the *current* month. A "consolation" prize will be awarded and the result published in the next issue.

BUGLE CIGARETTES.

FRAGRANT, COOL. & SWEET.

INDIAN GOLD IS SCARCE, SO ARE THE EQUALS OF

BUGLE CIGARETTES.

SOLD BY ALL CANTEENS AND TOBACCONISTS.
LOVED BY ALL SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.
SMOKED BY ALL CLERKS AND TRADESMEN.
BOUGHT BY ALL, YOUNG AND OLD,

MUSIC IS NATURE'S, TONIC. FOR, A WEARY, HEART!
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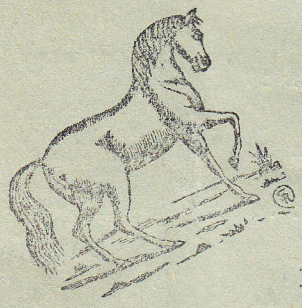
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